has no near and dear relatives pr friends to whom he is especially attached, when his life, whether in busipess or in leisure, is methodical and vert and give pleasure to others have play upon him.

It is with souls as with animalsstarvation and ill treatment will render even the most gentle of them un-

I am moved to set down these rehave once or twice heard him sayhad no friends.

two men who were without common and almost as frigid as a glacier.

nodded when we met in the hall. Dur- | must give way." ing the second and third years we exthat time, I remember, he captured ment. a sneak thief on the stairway, overcame his fierce resistance, and held him until the police came, and I, hearing of it, went to his room to talk it | by a dream? An overloaded stomach

found Dawley the only one I knew in | dering brain conjures up a scare situthe place-still occupying the same ation to fit it. Did you never dream room, and living the same unvarying out an elaborate series of events, cullife. And now, at rare intervals, we minating in a pistol shot, and then spent an evening together, usually on awaken to find that a window sash his invitation, and in his room. He had dropped, and you had pieced out seemed to be ill at ease elsewhere.

Up to the time that he explained to me fear, I had regarded him as a dull and commonplace character. Conversation with him was difficult, by reason of my apparent inability to discover a topic in which he was genuinely inter- ing of the problems of others, "from ested. There were interminable the profound impression the first pauses, during which he drew slowly dream made on your mind and memand regularly at his pipe, and stared into the fire.

Our discussion on the subject of fear began with my commenting on the his pipe, which had gone out, and I fact that a light was burning in his room the night before at one o'clock, which I had noticed, coming in at that hour, after a dance.

"I keep a light in my room all night," said he; "I hate the dark."

when I was a neighbor of his some years before, and I commented upon the change.

weight of years," said he; "but I am | by a careless question. troubled of late with peculiar fancies and dreams. Sitting alone here in the evening, things somehow get on my newly fastened on the inside of his nerves, and the thought of suddenly waking out of a sound sleep to find myself shut in by blackness is quite intolerable to me."

at variance with my conception of Andrew Dawley-a cold, practical man of business and of the world, as I knew to satisfy myself that it was impossihim-that instead of dropping the subject, as I might have done with a more sensitive man, I pursued it somewhat farther.

"As a child," I remarked, "I had a great terror of the dark; but it ceased entirely when I was old enough to building, with a sheer drop of nearly reason with myself."

"What was the course of your reasoning?" he asked.

"Well, I had become convinced that supernatural beings did not exist-such as ghosts and goblins and gnomesand, on the other hand, I knew that in a well-protected house there was practically no danger from burglars or wild animals. So, having completely assured myself that there was nothing in the dark, any more than there was in the light, I ceased to be afraid of

"Good logic," said Dawley, with a smile. "I remember working out the matter of business. same conclusion when I was about twelve years old. And it has held with me ever since, until recently I discovered a flaw in the reasoning. Oh, it doesn't apply to anyone else," he added hastily, "as I undertook to speak. "It | is purely personal, and I hesitate to disturb your equanimity by describ-

ing it... "Never fear," said I, with a laugh. "These sentiments are largely based on temperament, and I don't believe anything is likely to change my point of view."

"Our boyish logic," said he, after a pause, "disposed of everything that was objective-from the outsidewhether real or supernatural; but it did not touch the subjective elements of the problem, of which the chief is fear itself. Now, I do not believe I am physically a coward-"

"I know you are not," I interrupted. "I remember your capture of that thief. He was armed, and resisted fiercely, but you hung on."

"Yes," he said, "a man finds out whether he is a coward or not by the

HEN a man has passed his good reason to know that my courage fiftieth year, is unmarried, is not deficient. And I have no superstitions-which disposes of ghosts and supernatural things. So there is nothing for me to fear. Here is where the reasoning faculty stops, and something unchanging, and when things that di- else-you call it temperament, do you? -begins. I do suffer from fear-at become a burden-then let him beware | times to the very edge of my self-conof his own mind, for he knows not trol. What is it? Why is it? I bewhat trick it may be making ready to lieve that what I fear is fear itself." I shook my head. "Thaat statement |

is meaningless to me," I said.

"can't you imagine being in terror of manageable, eccentric and dangerous. a great fright that may overtake you some time, even though you are unflections by the peculiar fate that re- able to anticipate a reasonable excuse cently overtook Andrew Dawley-a therefor. Let me give it to you in man whom I had known for ten years | more concrete form. A year or two or more with some degree of intimacy, ago I had a dream of a peculiarly vivid but whom I hesitate to describe as a and impressive character. It was of friend of mine, for the reason that I | my sudden awakening here in bed, in | this room, to behold a man leaning get over into the east wing of the coolly and without bitterness-that he over me. He was in strange, uncouth There were twenty years between judge-and he was surrounded by, and shaft and stairway between that wing our ages, an interval that would be seemed to give out, a fierce red light. likely to forbid close relations between | He shouted some words to me-I don't know what they were; only, at the tastes and interests. Propinquity gave | sound of them, such a mighty and us acquaintance, for I occupied at that | overwhelming terror came upon me time the room next but one to his, on | that I lay paralyzed as to motion and the fourth floor, in the east wing of | thought. Then I awoke, really awoke the Hotel MacMahon; but it was an ac- this time, and I found my body wet quaintance that was as slow of growth | with perspiration, and my heart beating so fiercely and with such great The first year, I think, we merely pain that I feared some blood vessel

At this point I interrupted him, for changed an occasional word. About his voice was trembling with excite-

"You say you are not superstitions," I said. "Then you surely are not going to allow yourself to be affected is always likely to disturb the heart. Then I left the hotel for a matter of | Its rapid movement causes a sensation five or six years, and on my return exactly similar to fright, and the wan-

the dream backwards, as it were?" "How do you account for my having his peculiar theory on the subject of this same dream, without an iota of change, half a dozen times since that first experience?" asked Dawley.

"It results," I answered, with the easy confidence one shows in dispos-

He smiled, and looked at me with half-closed eyes. Then he relighted remember that the hand holding the match trembled a good deal.

By this time the subject had become distasteful to me, revealing a mental weakness or eccentricity in Dawley that was not pleasant to contemplate Now, this had not been his custom | So I turned the conversation into oth er channels.

Only on one other occasion did we speak again of this fear and the dream. "I suppose it is an evidence of the and then, as before, it was brought up

Entering his room one night, I noticed a powerful bolt that had been door, and I asked if the lock had been

It was a natural inquiry, and there seemed to be no cause for the tremble Now this sentiment was so utterly in his voice and the peculiar light in his eyes as he replied to me:

> "A lock can be picked. I wished ble for a human being to enter this

> room while I sleep." I glanced up at the transom. It was held shut by a heavy iron bar. Then I looked out of the window. It faced the court between the wings of the

> forty feet. "Utterly impossible," said I. Then I noticed for the first time a certain waxiness in the texture of the skin over his forehead, and a sunken

depth to his eyes. "Has the dream reappeared?" "Frequently."

"The trouble with you, Dawley," I mused aloud, "is that you are too much alone.' "I have no friends," he said, in calm, dispassionate tone, such as one

might use in speaking of some trivial "You should make them," I said, with emphasis.

"I am over the Divide," he answered. "My course of life will not change very readily, I fear."

Then he deliberately and pointedly changed the topic, and I did not recur to it again at any time. As I say, he was twenty years my senior, and we had little in common. I had many friends and many interests, and Dawley and his oddities formed an unim-

portant episode. But it was only a week after this conversation that the terrible event took place, which every newspaper reader in the city will remember.

It was at two in the morning that I awoke suddenly from a profound slumber, with the consciousness that some one had run past my door, scream-

I sprang out of bed, and as I did so heard the crash of breaking glass in the court below, and saw a brilliant red gleam through the blinds at the window. I looked out: the kitchen time he reaches my age; and I have tel had already burst into flame, and long time at it.

a great volume of smoke poured out of

My own room was on the second floor, in the center of the building, and saw that there was plenty of time for me to escape, and to help others in that vicinity. I jumped into a bathrobe and slippers, and, rolling my clothes into a bundle under my arm, ran out into the hall.

I hammered at each door that I passed, and yelled in a frenzy of excitement and horror. The place was rapidly filling with smoke, and the light grew brighter. Presently I noticed that my clothes were gone. I had dropped them while helping a woman who seemed to be unable to walk through pure terror. The man who had first roused me had gone up to the fourth floor, and the people were pouring down the stairways, in their night robes, or wrapped in blan-"Is it?" he asked, almost wistfully; kets, some carrying children-of which, thank heaven, there were few in the house-others bird cages, and some dragging trunks, bang, bang! over the steps.

I had several good friends in the hotel, and now that the alarm seemed to be generally given, I ran to their assistance; but I did not think of Dawley, nor did I at any time attempt to beliding. It was on that side that the dress-not of the modern day, I should | flames were fiercest, and the elevator and the main building were roaring like a furnace. Suddenly the halls began to fill with firemen in long coats and helmets, some with axes and others dragging up hose.

There seemed to be nothing more for me to do, so I ran down the main stairway and out into the street, where a great crowd was assembled. I noticed that their faces were turned toward the east wing, and, as I instinctively glanced in that direction, I remembered Dawley and the man of his fearsome dream.

The man was on his way-a huge bulk of a fireman, running up the long ladder that had been hoisted from the wagon and now rested against the wall, just below the window of Dawlev's room.

But was it possible that he still slept through all this uproar and the glare of the flame, and the odor of burning wood? Surely, he must be asleep, else he would have appeared at the window. Then it suddenly flashed into my mind what was the meaning of the white skin and sunken eyes-a narcotic! Without doubt, he was still sleeping.

the heat to the top of the ladder, and swung into the open window. Streams of water played upon the flames beneath him, to protect his retreat. Two other men ran up the ladder, and had just reached the top, when he returned to the window, carrying a hu- not many things in the world outside man figure wrapped in a blanket. The others assisted him, and they made simple, which are worth contention

that no smoke came out of the open

I ran forward to a pile of mattresses and bed clothes that had been carried relinquish them; still they may be had out from the hotel, and arranged a except in rare instances, by asking for place for him to be laid. The call | them as a favor to be granted for love's for a doctor flew along the line of sake. Moreover, the submissive wife spectators, and presently one came may easily escape responsibility which running. I asked the fireman what she does not care to assume by pleadhad happened.

tered the room through the window." he said. "I had to shake him hard one can question. to wake him up. He just stared at me he went into a dead faint."

he rose from stooping over the prostrate figure.

"Heart action ceased entirely," he replied. "Man is stone dead from mere terror."--San Francisco Argo-

Squirrel Runs the Machine.

York, where an enterprising sewing machine company has hit upon this novel method of attracting attention to its store. The exercise wheel in the squirrel's cage is attached by a leather band to the wheel of a machine which is about four feet distant, By means of this arrangement the machine is started every time the squirrel gets into his wheel and turns it.

It is a peculiar fact that whenever the squirrel starts his wheel to spinning he keeps his back toward the street. Never by any chance does he face the street until he has finished his little "stunt." Then he runs out into his cage and sits peering out of the window as though to see if any one had been watching him He breathes hard and acts tired after each laborious trip in his exerciser, but seems to like it, for he keeps it spinning almost constantly. Moreover, he looks sleek and as though the added work were just what a caged squirrel need-

ed to kep him strong and healthy. As the sewing machine for which he furnishes the motive power is well oiled and runs smoothly and easily, says the New York Times, perhaps the squirrel's work isn't as laborious as it seems to be to the casual onlooker.

Just the Man. "Do you think he would keep tally ill right?"

"Sure. You can count on him every ime."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

Art of Managing a Man.

fail at last, while she who takes them | Chicago Post. gracefully, with a smile and a sweet thank you, sir, is allowed to walk off freely, if not invited to come again. Any married woman, gifted with even be careful always to defer to her nomi- red. The furniture need not be exnal lord and master and never to allow any one, himself least of all, to suspect that she has been able to persuade be covered with some durable material him that her way is his own. The of small pattern that will not show the secret of her power lies in a nutshell; wear and tear. Cushions? Of course! it is the power behind the throne which | What boy was there who ever owned never openly asserts itself.

to their wives, according to their lights; best endured by nonresistence, or at least by getting out of his way. The mild power is usually the strongest, and a fortress which resists assault may sometimes be easily carried by does not care for heavy curtains at his insidious approaches.

All men hate to be ruled; indeed, no man will be if he knows it. The henpecked husband of the humorist a bow at each end. These, of course, is almost nonexistent. The woman only come to the ledge. Within are never fails to set her husband upon a pedestal and to insist that all the house- light and cheerful in tone, and add hold shall honor him as lord and master especially to the beauty of the room.

A woman's privileges are in most cases by far more valuable than her rights; the best way in which to increase those privileges is to take them with great show of gratitude to the man who confers them. "Vanity, vanin some form or other. To conquer, a woman must sometimes stoop, the more gracefully and readily she does so the better for her purpose. Gentle persuasion goes a mile often where aggressiveness cannot stir a foot. There are of matters of conscience, pure and their way slowly down the ladder upon a woman's part, against the man whom she loves and who loves her; and "Overcome by the smoke," said a for these few things the reward, gained man standing near me. But I noticed | through martyrdom, comes usually in the hereafter. Standing up for one's rights against one's husband is weari some work; it is more comfortable to ing her duty to her husband. "Jack "he was sound asleep when I en- likes this," or "Jack objects to that," are reasons the validity of which no

However perfect a bit of mechanism a moment, and said, 'Ah! You have may be, its bearings must be kept well come,' and then his face turned kind oiled or there will be friction; what of black, and his jaw dropped, and the oil can is to the mechanical engineer is tact to the wise wife. Defer-"How is it?" I asked the doctor, as ence to her husband is the drop of oil which keeps the wheels of the domestic machine running smoothly; if she is clever enough to turn those wheels in the way in which she would have them go, while to all intents and purposes she is acting under his direction, so much the better, perhaps, for all concerned. There is much in mental suggestion. Did you ever see a squirrel run a Take it for granted that a man will sewing machine? If not, you may, by do a certain thing nine times out of journeying to East 59th street, New ten he does it. The tactful person drops suggestions and leaves them to take root and bear fruit, just as the husbandman sows his seed upon fertile ground.

Pictures in the Home. bell, and at the same time volunteered the information that "mamma was dressing and the girl was out." I said that I should wait for mother and, childlike, he proceeded to entertain Howells, though handicapped by havme. He began by showing me the pictures on the wall-all of which had been selected with care. Before a fine autotype of a familiar Corot he had a story to tell of Orpheus and his lute. A small print of Canterbury Cathedral brought out the tale of Thomas a Becket first riding on his white mule with jingling chains and gorgeous raiment, then lying senseless at the foot of the altar. There was a portrait of Beethoven, an Aurora, a Sistine Madonna, a Greuze "Broken Pitcher," and of these and more this boy of 8 had

stories to tell. He was not an extraordinary child in any sense of the word-nothing but the ordinary fun-loving, marble-playing boy-but he had been let into the secret of enjoyment in pictures. Before a colored print of a landscape by Diaz, which was pinned to the door frame and had probably come with the Sunday paper, his imagination found a way into the depth of the woods, he admired the coloring and peopled the forest with robbers and creatures of When a man makes a very long pray. fancy. Some clever person had given er in church, somehow his hearers get him the magic key to a world of enthe impression that when he scolds in joyment beyond the sidewalks and car and dining-room in the rear of the ho- the privacy of his family he keeps a tracks. Wherever he might travel in after years he would never be alone. ish mills is American.

This fable, as old Aesop would say, "There are three things," saith an has a moral. Choose pictures that have ancient proverb, "which can only be a meaning and tell the children about ness for the transportation companies. managed by coaxing: A kid glove, a them. They will prove an endless The movement has also become so fire, and a man." The woman, married source of entertainment, and then, are or single, who fights for her right has we not continually crying for culture a hard and bitter struggle, often to and an upward way in education?-

Hints on Furnishing.

There are a few general points in

the furnishing of a boy's room that may be well to bear in mind, says the a small degree of diplomacy, may have Washington Times. On the floor her own way quite as much, if not should be a good ingrain carpet of a more, than is good for her, if only she cheerful tone-almost every boy likes pensive, but it must be strong. The sofa may be an old one, but should a sofa and didn't clamor for cushions? All decent men are, as a rule, good Have them of gay colors, but see that they blend with the rest of the room it is the part of a clever wife to keep It is a mistaken idea to imagine that those lights trimmed and burning. The these little things will not be noticed on land deals by real estate dealers. man who swears at his wife is a bully by the boy and tell on his taste in the and a coward, still he exists, and it is long run. We are all affected, persomething in the way of excuse for him haps unconsciously, by our environthat he is usually husband to some ments, and just because it happens to woman who nags. Even he may be be "only the boy's room," there is no earthly reason why it should not be made as attractive and comfortable as possible.

The average boy loves light, and any high patriotic motives, either. windows. One boy-a cousin of the writer-has fine cheese cloth curtains close to the windows, tied back with who is truly mistrees of her household curtains of turkey red, which hang in the best wheat land in the world; and straight lines to the floor. They are

See that the illuminating qualities are good in the boy's room. Gas fixtures are, as a rule, so placed that they are of little service to the young fellow working at his desk. A student's lamp is excellent; so is a bracket one. The latter may not add especiality, all is vanity," and no man ever ly to the beauty of the room, but is The fireman made his way through lived who was not accessible to flattery useful, and what is still more to be

considered-safe. These are a few hints in the furnishing of the boy's room-the details will have to be added according to the indi-

vidual taste of its owner.

Women Too Lightly Won. Sordid and commonplace? Perhaps, o those who know nothing of the miseries of mismated couples. Home and family require money, and its possession will not prevent a growth of sentiment. Make the body comfortable and the soul will find its peace without much difficulty. Mind you, I am not advocating a marriage for money, but am strongly in favor of something substantial on which to build the new life. And that is not all, for congeniality is absolutely necessary to make

the life of two beings, no matter what sex, livable within the narrow confines of a home. There is altogether too much sentimentality in American women. It permits them to overlook the estimable qualities of their own husbands and overestimate those of other men whom they have not tested. The same charge can be laid up against men, and somebody is to blame for the serious state of affairs. Perhaps women are too lightly won, too eager to accept the first masculine

hand extended to them. It is absolutely true that when a man inserts a matrimonial advertisement in any kind of a paper, even the most obscure, it is found by feminine eyes and is met with an overwhelming number of answers. The winner of such a proposition generally has cause to rue her luck, but I can find precious little sympathy for her. The stock of good men has not yet been exhausted; so why put up with imitations, and pretty bad ones at that? I can see some really justifiable reasons for divorce, but they are a mere drop in the ocean of While out calling the other afternoon applications. Where is the remedy? In a small boy answered the ring of the common sense, my friends.—Betty Bradeen in the Boston Traveler.

> Miss Mildred Howells. The young lady whose portrait appears in this illustration, Miss Mildred

> > ing a famous man as father, made a name for herself in her early twenties. She was introduced to the literary world by her father, William Dean Howells, when he put her in a book

called "A Little MISS HOWELLS. Girl Among the Old Masters," which contained her impressions of Europe's great paintings and specimens of her work. A few months ago her engagement to Professor Fairchild, of the Smithsonian Insti-

tution was announced.

Straw Hats for Girls. Large, flat-shaped straws will be about the smartest of the new hats for girls of all ages, and they are quite simply trimmed with large bows of soft, wide liberty satin ribbons, and look as if they were dented into most becoming shapes by the lavish wealth of spring flowers.

Five-sixths of the cotton used in Brit-

Wheat Fields of Western Canada. To the Editor: The emigration of well-to-do farmers from the United states to the Canadian Northwest has assumed such proportions that organized efforts are now being made by interested persons and corporations to stem the tide. The efforts are being initiated chiefly by railway and real estate interests in the States from which the bulk of the emigration takes place. The movement of population has taken from numerous States thousands of persons whose presence along railways in these States made busiwidely known that it has prevented the settlement of vacant lands along these lines, parties who might have located there being attracted to the free and more fertile lands of Canada. The result of the movement has been that the railway companies not only see the vacant lands along their lines remain vacant, but they also see hundreds of substantial farmers who have helped provide business for these railways move away and so cease their contributions. The farmers have moved to Canada because they were convinced that it would be to their; financial interest to do so. In moving they have been inconsiderate enough to place their own financial. interests before those of the financial

ecure a Free Home in the Fertile

interests of the railway corporations. In addition to the railway corporations, real estate dealers are working to stem the flow of emigrants. Of course every emigrant who goes to Canada means the loss of commissions Now a person has but to know what the interests are that are trying to stop. the flow to know what motive is influencing their course. The emigration means financial loss to railway corporations and to real estate men. These interests therefore are not directing their opposition efforts out of any love for the departing emigrants or out of They are doing so purely from selfish interests. It is a matter of dollars and cents with them. They are so patriotic, they are so consumed by love for their fellow citizens, that they want to prevent these fellow citizens going to Canada and getting free farms or instead they want to make them stay on high-priced farms in the United States, where they will continue to pour money into the pockets of these railways and real estate men.

One of the methods employed by these interests to stem the tide is the distribution of matter to newspapers, painting Canada in the darkest colors. These articles emanate chiefly from a bureau in St. Louis. They are sent out at frequent intervals for simultaneous publication. A writer is employed at a high salary to prepare the matter.

Moreover, statements absolutely at variance with the truth have lately been published broadcast. These appear chiefly in what purport to be letters from persons who are alleged to have gone to Canada and become disgusted with it. Only a few of such have been published, and they contain statements that are absurd in their falsity. Whether the parties whose names appear in connection with these letters have ever been to Canada, and, if so, their history while there, is to be thoroughly looked into. The discovery of their motive, like the discovery of the motive of the interests who are engineering the opposition, may prove illumining. In the meantime, however, it may be pointed out that only a few of such letters have appeared, but since 1897 over 87,000 American settlers have gone to the Canadian West. Can any reasonable person suppose for a moment that if Canada was one-quarter as bad as represented in these letters, the 87,000 Americans now there would remain in the country; or, if the Canadian West had not proved the truth of all that was claimed for it, the papers of every State in the American Northwest would not be filled with letters saying so? Imagine 87,000 aggressive Americans deceived and not making short shrift of their deceivers. The fact is, the 87,000 are well satisfied and are encouraging their friends to

follow them. Anyone who sees any of these disparaging letters should remember that it is railway and real estate interests who have from purely selfish reasons organized a campaign to stem the flow to Canada. If Canada were half as bad as represented there would be no need of such an organization. The fact that such exists is of itself a magnificent tribute to Canada. Finally, it should not be fergotten that the letters published are brimful of falsehoods and that 87,000 satisfied Americans in the Canadian West constitute

a living proof that such is the case. The Canadian Government Agent, whose name appears in advertisement elsewhere in this paper, is authorized to give all information as to rates, and available lands in Western Canada.

Speculators love dogs-at least they are fond of good pointers.

Shirtwaists of hair-ilne velvet in gun metal coloring, brightened by a dash of some gay tint, are included in the season's productions.

"Beware of saying or doing anything nastily," sad the man who gives much advice. "I have no fear on that score" answered the eminent statesman "The discipline of my career as a United States senator has removed all danger."-Washington



